

Home Circle.

THE SABBATH BELL.

The Sabbath bell! How restful and how sweet
The hallowed sound to hear, after long days
Of busy toil and strife, amid life's maze
And whirs, too oft with selfishness replete.

When Sabbath comes we lovingly it greet
As some dear friend we prize beyond all praise,
Who charms and comforts, solaces, allays
The cares that throng amid life's busy street.

Of all life's Sabbaths should we make the most,
And in them live the highest that we may,
With chiefest thought for God and heavenly host,
And how we enter can the shining way,
And catch, perchance, altho it be from far,
A glimpse divine of what God's angels are.

—Alexander Macauley.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM.

"Oh, I wish I had been in Palestine when Jesus was there," cried a dear little child, whose heart was touched with the story of the Savior's life in the Gospels.

"And what would you have done if you had been there?" asked someone.

"Oh, I would have run everywhere doing his errands!" was the eager answer of the child.

Just so, doubtless, did those happy children feel whom Jesus clasped in his arms and blessed.

Another childish utterance, full of love and tenderness, is recorded of a little lad of four or five years. He was one day reading to his mother in the New Testament, and when he came to these words, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head," his eyes filled with tears, and with a child's unrestrained gush of feeling he said to his mother, "I am sure, mamma, if I had been there I would have given him my pillow."

Blessed children! Of such as these Jesus has said: "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven. Of such is the kingdom of heaven." He has also said, looking into the tender, loving, guileless hearts of the little ones, "Except ye become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven."—*Evangelical*.

SABBATH SUNSHINE.

On the Sabbath I watch the earliest sunshine and fancy that a holier brightness marks the day when there shall be no buzz of voices on the exchange, nor traffic in the shops, nor crowd or business anywhere but at church. Many have fancied so. For my own part, whether I see it scattered down among tangled woods, or beaming broad across the fields, or hem-

med in between brick buildings, or tracing out the figure of the casement on my chamber floor, still I recognize the Sabbath sunshine. And ever let me recognize it. Some illusions—and this among them—are the shadows of great truths. Doubts may flit around me, or seem to close their evil wings and settle down; but so long as I imagine that the earth is hallowed and the light of heaven retains its sanctity on the Sabbath—while that blessed sunshine lives within me—never can my soul have lost the instinct of its faith. If it has gone astray, it will return again."—*Nathaniel Hawthorne*.

YOUNG MEN AND WINE.

"If a young man has himself well in hand, can regulate his appetites, is it unwise for him to occasionally take a sip of wine? I find it very difficult sometimes to refuse a single glass, if just to oblige a friend."

This question was asked Mr. Edward W. Bok, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, sometime ago. The following is his plain, noble answer:

An overindulgence in alcoholic stimulants always starts from small beginnings, and generally the start comes in the form of "a sip of wine" to "oblige a friend." It is not a long ways from a sip to a glass. Let it alone, and you will be far better off—indefinitely better. Study the tendencies of the times and see for yourself that each year men who drink liquor take less of it, while more men do not drink at all than in any previous year in our history. The consumption of spirituous liquors has decreased to a remarkable degree during the past forty years in proportion to the increase in population. Our new industrial forces and systems are the compelling influences in this reform. Railroads, for example, now make sobriety obligatory upon their employees. An intemperate man can no longer obtain a railroad position. So it is in all the great factories, foundries, mills, electric works, and building and machinery shops. Men who are but moderate drinkers are debarred from positions of trust in any of these trades. Even the elevated lines and trolley car companies have recently decided that they will employ men of the strictest sobriety. Intemperance is becoming, more and more so every day, a distinct barrier to success. Not only the man of drinking habits, but the moderate tippler, finds himself outstripped by the man of strict sobriety. It is a very significant fact that the managers of the greatest liquor trust in America recently adopted an ironclad rule to employ none but strictly temperate men. Depend upon it, the young man who to day ab-

solutely abstains from all sorts of alcoholic beverages will be the successful man of to morrow.

BENNY'S THANK YOU BOX.

SELECTED BY M. A. M.

They were going to have a thank-offering at Benny's church. He knew, because his mamma was president of the big society, and his sister Gertie attended the band. Benny went too. He "belonged to both," he said, and he had a mite-box of his very own, and he put a cent in whenever he found a white one in papa's pocket. He had one of the thank-offering envelopes, but it wasn't large enough to suit him, so he begged a box from Gertie, and Benny was happy.

One night, as papa opened the front door, a little boy and a rattling box danced down stairs.

"Do you feel very thankful, papa?"

"What for?" papa asked, tossing the questioner up to his shoulder.

"Cause you're home, and I'm kissing you."

"Indeed I do," laughed papa.

"Then put a penny in my thank you box!" shouted Benny.

Mamma had had to put one in because she was thankful that the spring cleaning was done. Brother Tom put in five, because his suit came home just in time for a party. Bridget had the box presented to her for an offering, when she said she was glad Monday was such a fine drying day for her washing; and Gertie gave him pennies twice, for two pleasant afternoons spent in gathering wild flowers. So many things to be thankful for seemed to happen that the little box grew heavy—it was so full it wouldn't rattle.

But one night soon after, Tom and Gertie were creeping around with pale, frightened faces, and speaking in whispers. The little "thank you boy," as Benny liked to be called, was very ill—croup. The doctor came and went, and came again; but not till daylight broke could he give the comforting assurance. "He is safe now." In the dim light Tom dropped something into the little box, as he whispered, "Thank you, dear God." Somehow everybody seemed to feel as Tom did, and when Benny was propped up in bed next day, and counted his "thank you" money, there were two dollars and a half of it, which papa changed for a gold piece that very day.—*Christian Observer*.

Posthumous charities are the very essence of selfishness when bequeathed by those who, when alive, would part with nothing.